

PALACE Furniture and Piano Co.

221 South Third Street

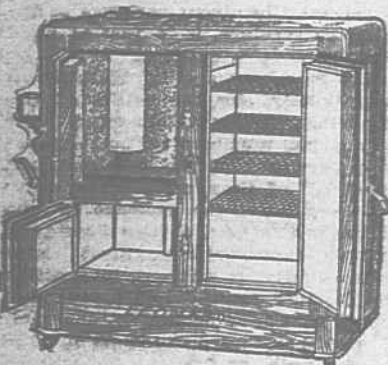
You Can Get More Than Your Money's Worth Here This Week
We are making room for our Fall Stock

20 per ct. Off Buffets.

20 per ct. Off China Closets.

25 per ct. Off High Grade Red Room Furniture

10 per ct. Off Rugs



Leonard Cleanable Refrigerators closing out at 25% off.



PRINCESS DRESSER

Solid oak 18x36 bevel plate mirror or value \$15



Heywood Pullman Go Carts
Four Styles
20 per ct. Off.

128 THIRD ST. HIGHLAND BROS. & GORE 128 THIRD ST.

Exclusive Shoe Fitters

Special Sale Entire Stock Oxfords

1/4 Off LADIES 1/4 Off Oxfords and Pumps.	1/4 Off MEN'S 1/4 Off Low Cuts and Oxfords
Burt's \$4.00 Oxfords.....\$3.00	J. A. Bannister \$6.00 Oxfords...\$4.50
Burt's \$3.50 Oxfords.....\$2.65	A. E. Nettleton \$5.00 Oxfords...\$3.75
Selby's \$3.50 Oxfords.....\$2.65	Strong & Co \$5.00 Oxfords.....\$3.75
Selby's \$3.00 Oxfords.....\$2.25	Marshall \$4.00 Oxfords.....\$3.00
Dorothy Dodd \$3.50 Oxfords.....\$2.65	Walk-Over \$4.00 Oxfords.....\$3.00
Duttenhoffer \$3.50 Oxfords.....\$2.65	Walk-Over \$3.50 Oxfords.....\$2.65
Velvet Pumps, Tan Pumps, Patent Leather Oxfords, Gun Metal Oxfords	Biltwell \$3.00 Oxfords.....\$2.25
1/4 OFF—1/4 OFF	Tan Calf, Gun Metal, Patent Leathers
	1/4 OFF—1/4 OFF

Are You Waiting For Opportunity?

A little thinking brings you face to face with the fact that saving is essential in every walk of life. Do not wait for opportunity to knock at your door, but improve every occasion, no matter how small, to save money. By opening an account with the Empire National Bank and depositing a part of your income each week, you are on the surest and safest road to success.

4 PER CENT INTEREST PAID ON SAVINGS ACCOUNTS

Pocket Banks Loaned Free to Depositors.

EMPIRE NATIONAL BANK

MAIN AND FOURTH STREETS, CLARKSBURG, W. VA.

F. L. HIGHLAND, President.
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S. S. PARIS, Vice-President.

M. B. DEWSON, Cashier.
J. N. HOOD, Asst. Cashier.

BASEBALL

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Today's Games.
Pittsburg at Brooklyn.
Cincinnati at New York.
St. Louis at Philadelphia.
Chicago at Boston.

Yesterday's Results.
Cincinnati-Chicago: rain.
Philadelphia-New York: rain.
St. Louis-Pittsburg: rain.
Brooklyn-Boston: 9, called at end of twelfth inning; darkness.

Standing of the Clubs.

	W.	L.	Pct.
Chicago	62	37	.625
Pittsburg	64	41	.610
New York	61	41	.598
Philadelphia	58	46	.558
St. Louis	57	47	.548
Cincinnati	46	56	.451
Brooklyn	39	64	.379
Boston	25	80	.238

AMERICAN LEAGUE.

Today's Games.
Boston at Philadelphia.
New York at Washington.
Detroit at Chicago.
Cleveland at St. Louis.

Yesterday's Results.
Cleveland-St. Louis: not scheduled.
Boston-Philadelphia: rain.
New York 6, Washington 1.
Chicago 6, Detroit 1.

Standing of the Clubs.

	W.	L.	Pct.
Philadelphia	69	38	.645
Detroit	67	42	.615
Boston	56	52	.514
New York	56	54	.509
Chicago	54	53	.505
Cleveland	55	56	.500
Washington	45	65	.409
St. Louis	33	75	.305

Gene Stratton Porter's new book, "The Harvester," will be on sale Thursday, August 17th, at James & Law Co.'s store.

HOME ENDORSEMENT

Hundreds of Clarksburg Citizens Can Tell You All About It.

Home endorsement, the public expression of Clarksburg people, should be evidence beyond dispute for every Clarksburg reader. Surely the experience of friends and neighbors, cheerfully given by them, will carry more weight than the utterances of strangers reading in faraway places. Read the following:

A. J. Smallwood, 330 E. Pike St., Clarksburg, W. Va., says: "My kidneys were weak and disordered and caused me to have severe attacks of backache and pain through my sides. If I sat still for any length of time, the trouble became worse and mornings, I often arose feeling stiff and sore. When Doan's Kidney Pills were brought to my attention, I got a supply at the City Drug Store and they completely and permanently cured me. At that time I told of my experience in a public statement and I am now pleased to confirm my former testimonial."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

The opening of Madam Ullman's Beauty Parlors, Fourth floor, Goff building, has been postponed to Saturday, August 19. Ladies exclusively.

SURANNA FOR CHILDREN—Prevents cholera infantum.

The SKY PIRATE

by GARRETT P. SERVISS.

(Continued from yesterday.)

"Yes, I should think it must be that distance. Now, our first, our imperative business is to see that Payton doesn't get away before we can descend upon him. They say that his aero is very fast. She ought to be able to make 120 miles an hour."

"A hundred and forty, he told me," said Mr. Grayman.

"That's mighty fast," returned the secretary. "I doubt if we have a flier in our fleet that could hold that pace."

"Yes," I said, with some pride; "the Eagle can do it at need."

The Eagle was my own aero, and I had often tried her out for speed.

"Good again," said Mr. Grayman, smiling at me very kindly. "Now, the speeder Payton's aero is the better for our present purpose, because the less speed he will have of making an early start for the rendezvous. If he can only a hundred miles an hour he could do the distance to Uffin in six or seven hours; but, of course, he won't hurry. He need not start before tomorrow night, and probably he will not, because he will prefer to come on by night in order to run the less risk."

"That's what he did before," said Mr. Grayman.

"All right, then," said the secretary. "We'll assume that that will be his course. But we have no time to lose. We must catch him before he starts. Fortunately, Allan, I have ordered our aero and four other cranks to be ready to leave Washington, fully armed and provisioned, on the receipt of a dispatch from me. I'll tell them to come on at once. Now, Grayman, you can go along or not, as you prefer."

"I'll go," said Mr. Grayman promptly.

Mr. Grayman, in his dispatch, had the foresight to order the aero to meet us at a little town a considerable distance east of Buffalo, where Mr. Grayman and himself would run less risk of recognition. Accordingly, after a good meal we went by train to the designated place, arriving a little before 1 o'clock. As we descended from the train I was delighted to recognize the Eagle hovering over the little town. The four other aers were running about near, and a crowd had already gathered about the station and in the street, watching them.

"We'd better get aboard as quickly as possible," said Mr. Grayman. "Let's walk a little way up the hill, out of town, and I'll signal the aers to drop down for us."

In response to the signal two of the aers, the Crow and the Eagle, swooped down to the earth. My men were rejoiced to see me, and I to set foot once more on the deck of my beloved flier. She had her full complement, but the other was a little short, so I sent two men aboard the Crow to make room for the secretary and Mr. Grayman without weighing the Eagle too much. I wanted to have her in good running trim.

"Now, Lieutenant Allan," said Mr. Grayman as soon as we were aboard and adrift, "you are in immediate command of this fleet. I have ordered the commanders of the other aers to recognize you as their commanding officer and the Eagle as their flagship. I shall continue to advise you, but you will take charge of all technical details and give the orders. As the fliers are all duly armed and provisioned, there is nothing to prevent our making a start immediately!"

No one could have been more eager to start than I was. Instantly I ran up the signal to get under way, the others being instructed to follow my lead. Besides the Crow, already mentioned, there were the Osprey, the Bobolink and the Skyhawk, all as I was glad to see, the best fliers in the service, although I believed that none of them could keep pace with the Eagle in a race.

The electric gun had already been invented, and each of the aers carried two of these terrible weapons, of a caliber of two and a half inches, one at the stern and the other at the bow. They fired either shells or solid shot. As every body knows, the electric gun makes no report, but a sharp whist is heard as the projectile leaves the muzzle. These projectiles at that time had an effective range of three miles, but when fired from an elevation they would often fall to earth at a distance twice as great. It was, therefore, necessary to be very careful in using them over an inhabited country, and we used always to run out over the sea for gun practice, employing unaimed balloons for targets. One of our aers could easily carry a hundred rounds of ammunition for each gun.

There was great competition among the gunners in marksmanship, and I had on the Eagle a Connecticut Yankee, Ethan Haight, who was practically a dead shot and a great favorite among the men. We carried no dropping bombs, like the navy aers, but each had a stand of automatic rifles and pistols, besides cutlasses. The full complement was ten men, including the commander, the engineer and the steersman. On this occasion our entire flotilla carried thirty-eight fighting men, my own crew comprising only eight men, including myself, after I had made room for my two visitors.

There was a quick response to my signal to get under way, and in a few minutes the great formation of the people below, that we had seen with its aeroplanes dashing in the sun, was

swarming northward, its helm in the lead.

CHAPTER XII.

MISS GRAYMAN THIS FLIGHT.

WHILE these preparations for her rescue were under way the unconscious prisoner in Labrador had at last awakened to a realization of her position.

While rummaging among the books in the library she had come upon the autobiography of Henry Morton.

It was not a book likely to attract the attention of a young woman, but she turned over its leaves, thinking more of the gap which the absence of Commodore Brown had left than of what she was idly looking at. Presently she opened the volume in another place a letter sheet wedged between the leaves lay exposed full to view:

Captain Alfonso Payton:

My Dear Captain—The damage to the Chameleon from our accident after carrying off Miss Peterson of Peoria is more serious than you supposed. I find that four or five days will be required to repair her. I have sent her to a shop here and will report to you as soon as she is ready. Respectfully,

ABRAHAM SNELLING, Lieutenant.

Cincinnati, July 1, 1911.

Miss Grayman was aghast. Her hands convulsively grasped her throat as the truth burst upon her. The name of the Chameleon alone was enough, but now she suddenly remembered to have heard or read of "Captain Alfonso Payton." This, then, was the man who had succeeded in awakening so much personal interest in her. And she was his prisoner. This was the romantic adventure that her fancy had conjured up, invented by her friends, approved by her father and so innocently and joyously entered upon by herself. Oh, what a fool she had been! Oh, how she detested this villain, who had hoodwinked her and drawn from her smiles and sentiments, for which she now hated herself!

She read the letter again, and the name of "Snelling" struck her. She had heard Payton address one of his men by that name. But no more confirmation was needed. The scales had dropped completely from her eyes, stimulated by indignation, strength and resolution came to her.

"Susan!" she called.

Susan came running in, alarmed by her mistress's accent.

"Get our wraps, quick!"

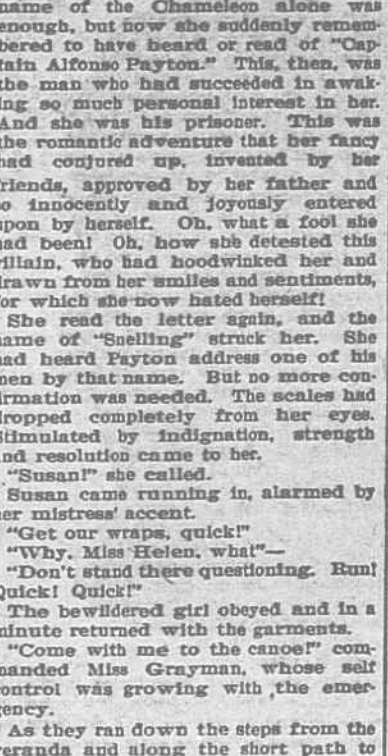
"Why, Miss Helen, what?"

"Don't stand there questioning. Run! Quick! Quick!"

The bewildered girl obeyed and in a minute returned with the garments.

"Come with me to the canoe!" commanded Miss Grayman, whose self-control was growing with the emergency.

As they ran down the steps from the veranda and along the short path to



the landing place Miss Grayman glanced fearfully around. Thank heaven, Mrs. Williams was occupied somewhere about the house, and not a person was in sight.

"Into the canoe!" said Miss Grayman in the same imperative voice, though she spoke hardly above a whisper, and Susan silently obeyed her. Miss Grayman seized the paddle, and in a few seconds they were out on the lake.

"Where are we going?" asked Susan wonderingly.

"Not a word! Don't make any noise!"

She turned the canoe toward the inlet and paddled with all her might. As they passed under the overhanging branches she glanced hastily toward the lodge. Still nobody was in sight, and Miss Grayman's heart beat quick with joy.

"Oh, thank heaven, we are away!" she muttered. Still, she knew that she must strain every nerve. Payton might return at any moment, and their absence could not long remain unnoticed. They rounded the first bend, not a word having passed between them. They rounded the second bend, and the rapids were before them. Still no pursuit.

"I must land here," whispered Miss Grayman. "The canoe can go no farther."

She turned to the shore on the left bank of the pond, feeling instinctively that that was the more distant from the lodge.

An hour they traveled, not knowing or caring what the direction was as long as it seemed to be away from the lodge. In a little while the woods became more open, and they made better progress. Miss Grayman hurried on, and Susan panted at her heels. Suddenly Susan exclaimed, "Oh,

Alfonso! I can't—I can't go any farther!"

"When we sit down and rest, you the reply."

They sat down on a fallen trunk, overgrown with soft fresh moss. Presently Susan stretched herself flat on her back, her face streaming with perspiration.

"No, you won't die," said Miss Grayman, whose strength was sustained by a more terrible fear than Susan knew. "You'll feel all right in a few minutes."

"Are you not going to return to the lodge?"

"Heaven forbid!" cried her mistress. "Susan, do you know who it is that we are running away from? It is the Sky Pirate, Alfonso Payton!"

Susan was probably better read in the literature of piracy, especially as represented by the sensational journals than her mistress, and at the name of Alfonso Payton she turned ashy pale.

"Oh, good Lord!" she cried, when she recovered her breath. "You don't mean that, Miss Helen? Why, he is the wickedest man in the world! I've read all about him in the Sunday Peace. If he gets us we're gone sure! He never gives you up unless you pay him \$100,000. The paper said so. And if you don't pay you're killed! Oh, dear me, what shall I do? But won't Commodore Brown help us?"

"You guess," said Miss Grayman, her attention at Susan's stammering having to animate her. "Of course Commodore Brown won't help us. He's the very man."

"Commodore Brown is Alfonso Payton!"

Susan could say no more. She had no words and remained staring at her mistress with gaping mouth.

"But where will you go, Miss Helen? We'll get lost in the woods, and where shall we sleep tonight?" she finally gasped.

"We are lost already," replied Miss Grayman gravely. "I could not find my way back if I wished to. As to where we shall sleep, I don't know—on the ground, under a tree, I suppose."

"But the bears!"

"We must trust in God."

"And what shall we eat?"

"To be killed? To starve? What were these in comparison with meeting that man again? Yet, by one of those curious mental freaks to which we are all subject, while Miss Grayman had all subject matter of wild beasts nor of food, the idea that they would need covering at night had flashed upon her, and it was for that reason that she had sent Susan for the wraps.

And now they clung to these things and hugged them along as if their lives and safety depended upon them alone.

Miss Grayman made no reply to Susan's questions about what they should eat. She simply pressed on, and Susan followed. Sometimes they were caught in tangles of spiny undergrowth, from which there seemed no issue. Yet, on and on they struggled. They were wearing the stout garments that Payton had recommended, but even these were becoming torn and disordered.

At last, wearied beyond expression, they had to stop. It was getting dark in the woods, and they knew that the sun was near setting. Miss Grayman selected a spot where the covering of pine needles was deep and soft, under a group of trees, and, spreading her cloak and bidding Susan do the same with her wrap, lay down. They were worn out, hungry, thirsty, but they had no supper. They wished for a fire, but that could not be had. So they lay down again, close together, arms intertwined, the daughter of the great billionaire embracing her humble sister, and finding a comfort in her companionship that at least warmed her heart.

They tried to sleep, but, in addition to the cold, noises now arose that drove sleep from their tired eyes—strange sounds of the trackless wilderness, distant, wailing screams that gradually approached and filled them with terror, rustlings among the branches, the snapping of twigs in the heavy darkness, heavier sounds from the depths of the forest, animal voices replying to one another. Eyes were watching them, though they did not know it. They twined their arms closer and trembled, and at last sobbed together. The cold increased, although, at a time, the nearer noises ceased. At last, in spite of all the discomfort, they fell asleep.

Then a dark form moved stealthily and silently from a thicket and approached them. It knelt beside the troubled sleepers and listened. Finally it reached out long arms and cautiously spread a warm robe over them. The next instant it had disappeared.

The sun was shining on the treetops when they awoke, both opening their eyes at the same moment, disturbed probably by some noise. For a few seconds Miss Grayman did not realize where she was. Then it all came back to her in a flash. Without raising her head she said to Susan: "Thank heaven, the night is gone! We have escaped, and today!"

A scream from Susan interrupted her.

"Oh, Lord, look!" cried the girl, who had risen on her elbow.

Miss Grayman half rose in affright, and there, sitting on a log, stolidly staring at them, was Indian John.

Susan, after her fashion, fainted, but Miss Grayman was stronger. Although trembling with fear and surprise, she rose to her feet. Then for the first time she noticed the robe that had covered them. Her quick intelligence, awakened by recent events, told her the story in an instant. They had been tracked and recaptured.

(To be continued.)

If it has earned the right to be your "favorite story," then it is sure to be something in its aid, today or TOMORROW, to you.

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Write for a catalogue.

West Va. Business College

Clarksburg, W. Va.

Time Table

BALTIMORE & OHIO RAILROAD, CLARKSBURG, W. VA.

*Daily. xDaily except Sunday. zSunday only.

MAIN LINE, EAST BOUND.

Cumberland, Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York, depart

*3:52 a. m., *5:40 p. m., *9:35 p. m.

Arrive *12:55 a. m., *9:40 a. m., *6:05 p. m.

*6:05 p. m.

MAIN LINE, WEST BOUND.

Parkersburg, Cincinnati, Louisville, and St. Louis, depart *12:55 a. m., *9:40 a. m., *6:05 p. m. Arrive

*3:52 a. m., *5:40 p. m., *9:35 p. m.

Parkersburg Accommodation, depart, *7:30 a. m., *4:00 p. m. Arrive

*10:25 a. m., *7:20 p. m.

WEST VIRGINIA & PITTSBURG, NORTHBOUND.

Fairmont and Morgantown, depart, x5:50 a. m., x2:50 p. m.

CConnellsville and Pittsburgh, depart, x5:50 a. m., x3:50 p. m. Arrive

x11:05 p. m.

WEST VIRGINIA & PITTSBURG, SOUTHBOUND.

Weston, depart x6:00 a. m., x10:25 a. m., x11:30 a. m., *6:15 p. m.

Arrive x8:55 a.